

of the church, the writer does not charge that this has been done, but the resolution of the last Conference against adverse criticism about other churches comes very close to being such a measure. If one article sent to the EVANGELIST for publication has been rejected because of that resolution, it has to that extent become a law in the church. I am not aware that anything of the kind has occurred, but simply refer the matter in this way to show how readily an apparently innocent, well meant resolution may crystalize itself into a law. I believe that objectionable feature in the church can be more satisfactorily and successfully dealt with by simple agitation and moral suasion than by passing public resolutions of this kind against them. A resolution like this bears upon its face the idea that the maker and passer of it, consider themselves wiser and better than those it condemns, a feeling of this kind in a body where all are supposed to be equal, is not conducive to a concentration of all its forces.

The conclusion of the whole matter is if we want to focus, to combine, to unify, to *concentrate* all our forces, and in the most successful way carry out the great primary object of our church, we must all show great deference to each other, "in honor preferring one another," instead of depending upon the technically legal rights of the majority to rule and overrule the affairs of the church. We should not like the politician simply labor for a majority, but for unanimity. Let us all study to do so.

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#### THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

BY J. M. LITTLE.

"Then said Jesus unto him, go, and do thou likewise. Luke x, 37.

This parable, given by the great teacher, presents a beautiful exemplification of the principles of Christianity. How beautifully does it represent friendship under its strongest and surest test; viz., Adversity. The subject towards whom this demonstration was made was a Jew, who had fallen among thieves; who had been robbed, stripped of his clothing, and so severely wounded that he was in a dying condition.

For hours he lay suffering with no one to minister to him; and it was not because the robbers and murderers had dragged him away into some secret place where his groans in his agony, and his shrieks in his pains could not be heard, for he lay by the roadside, within a few feet of the spot where he had fallen by the hand of the robber; and where, in all probability, he had been left senseless. The blood was gushing from his wounds and he was seeking ease from his pain and sighs and groans, but all the time hoping some friend would pass along and render him relief. It was a public road and he might well expect assistance.

It is possible that several passed along that way without stopping to examine the case, or give assistance to the sufferer; and he, poor man wondered at their want of sympathy. But at length he heard the footsteps of one coming, traveling more slowly, and he thought surely here comes relief. With the anxiety of a dying man, he mustered his remaining strength, he saw him approaching, and behold, it was a priest one to whom, as a devout Jew, it may be, he had often gone for counsel, and the benefit of his office and ministry he had often enjoyed, one to whom he had often given of his substance the regular tithes demanded of him as a member of the Jewish church, and under whose approval he had bestowed his free will offerings; and he thought surely he will care for me and minister to me in my necessity; but no! he comes nearer and nearer, possible checks up a little in his travel, turns his eyes in the direction of the sufferer, but with a cold, unfeeling, heartless look and manner, he journeys on. What if the sufferer had no badge of Judasm about him by which the priest might know him as one of his parishioners? He had been stripped of his clothing. What if he did not express in words the courtesy usually practiced by the Jews toward the priests? he was weakened by the loss of blood, until it was exceedingly painful to speak. If indeed he could speak at all. He ought to have rushed to the side of the dying man and examined the case to see what could be done; and if he was unable to meet his wants, send him help as early as possible: but, no, he

pursued his journey, banishes the sight of the dying man from his mind at once, and erases the faint impressions fixed there.

The poor Jew lay wondering at this strange neglect, when the sound of footsteps again falls upon his ear. Hope revives, and to himself he says, "surely a friend is coming, I shall now have relief." Again he musters his failing strength and looks in the direction of the sound of the footsteps of the traveler. The form of the traveler appears in view, at first dimly, and as he comes nearer he discovers that it is another functionary of the Jewish church, a Levite. He remembers how he was treated by the priest a few moments before, and almost fears a repetition of neglect; but then he knows that officers of the church are not alike in indifference to a sufferer, and he hopes this one will show himself a man. But, no, he comes nearer and shows no sign of sympathy. The only difference between him and the priest is, he passes by on the other side.

Is it possible to conceive of more shocking indifference? And who does not abhor it? It almost chills the coursing blood in the veins of any man possessing the finer feeling of humanity, to read the account. There lay that unfortunate Jew, helpless and growing weaker and weaker, and wondering how it was possible for a priest and a levite to fail to carry out the principles of their religion, which obligates all of its votaries to perform works of love and mercy. I fancy he had almost given up all for lost, and was resigning himself in his extremity to death, there in the public road.

But another traveler came along who was of another people; and moreover, a people with whom the Jews had no dealings. He was a Samaritan; he had means and an open hand: as he came near his attention was attracted by the sound indicating suffering, and then at the sight of the sufferer he hurried to his side, and with a feeling heart bent over the dying man and listened to the story of wrongs. That pale face and weakened form was a fellow being in distress, and the sympathies of his nature were aroused, a tender cord was touched, and he began his work of mercy.